

LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

VOL I.]

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FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

Continued.

THE NARRATIVE OF OMAR.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

CHAP. IV.

Omar occasions the death of an honest Man.

Omar buried Fatima, and built a costly monument to her memory. Ali came soon after, and endeavoured to console him! 'Always so solitary, Omar?' said Ali, 'By Heaven thou triest as much as thou canst to make thyself miserable!' 'Art thou then happy, Ali?' 'If there were no such things as the confounded gout and cough, I would not change my situation with that of the Calif.' 'But how comest thou by these disorders?' 'We shall talk of that by and by.' 'Omar wilt thou once in thy life follow my advice? thou knowest I do not commonly meddle in other men's affairs; but I can no longer behold thee with indifference. Wilt thou make a trial of my way of life?' 'But if I likewise get the gout?' 'Thou fool, the gout brings with it its advantages. The day one is free from it, it is so much the more pleasant. Come, follow me, Omar.' Ali did not give Omar time to answer, but took him by the arm into a company, where all those who lived in the highest style in Bagdat were assembled, and who had a great deal of leisure time on their hands. They laughed, they sung, they heard others sing; they were contented, or at least they forgot that they were not so. Omar's heart was warmed a little by the rays of joy which sparkled from now to then of all. He returned to his friends, and confessed to his friend Ali that he

might have its pleasures. In short he let himself be persuaded to frequent the lively and frolicksome circles oftener and oftener; and on leaving them the tenth time, he embraced Ali: 'I thank thee most sincerely, Ali, for thy advice, now I am sensible how I may enjoy the pleasures of life: my house shall be open to all those who choose to be gay.' The cook of the empire of the east had then the exclusive privilege of pampering; Omar wrote for cooks to the Byzantine Court, and shortly after he never set down to a dinner with less than twenty covers. One feast succeeded another; and his house was the temple of hospitality, good taste, and jollity. 'Now I shall be happy,' said Omar. 'I am come to myself.' He had cooks; consequently, he must have physicians. He observed now and then, that he could no longer sleep so sound as he used to do. He lamented that he often waked with a head-ache. He confessed, that even in the midst of his good company, he was frequently seized with weariness and languor. Omar in time fasted and yawned while all others were eating. Once he broke the law of the prophet, for he sat up a whole night over some greek wine to please the Chamberlains of the Calif; in consequence of which he was so dispirited, that the following evening at table he fell into a swoon. The chief judge of Bagdat, who sat opposite him, observed him first, strove to speak; but being choaked by a fish bone, he was carried to his grave in three days after. All Bagdat regretted him, for he was a judge who never took bribes, nor ever oppressed the poor.

CHAP. V.

Omar wants to know, why he has committed two murders; and is shewn the reason of it by a young Woman.

'I never torment a worm,' said Omar, in the profoundest sorrow, and yet I have occasioned the deaths of the handsomest woman, and the most upright judge in Bagdat.' Omar shut up his palace, took care of himself, and went into the country; when he passed some such moments as had

tempted him to put an end to his life, had it been as much the custom at Bagdat, as it is now on the Banks of the Thames, or the lake of Geneva. Omar's country seat was about six miles distant from the retreat of the Sage. He went one morning to see him, and told him that he was the same Omar who had asked advice of him, and now related his adventures. The Sage was attentive, sighed, put his finger to his forehead, and deliberated a while. 'Omar,' said he, 'thou livest in the neighbourhood, come hither again at this hour tomorrow.' Omar returned, and found a messenger who acquainted him with the news, that Ali, having overheated himself at a great feast in Bagdat, had taken some cooling fruits to refresh himself, died of a fever, and was bourne to the grave with the curses of about fifty believers, among which were those of widows, and orphans. Omar wrote, that he made himself responsible for all Ali's debts, thanked the Almighty for having recompensed the injustice of his friend, and went the next morning to the Sage. 'Omar,' said he, 'what mode of life dost thou pursue?' 'I pray to the Immortal, I shudder when I see my slaves suffer, I give and lend to those who are in want, but still I curse my existence.' 'The Eternal created thee, Omar, and thou art marked in his books.' 'But wherefore have I been the death of a woman and a man of a thousand times more value than myself?' 'We are the creatures of the Eternal; blessed be the Eternal!' 'But what should I do not to curse my existence?' 'Abstain and enjoy.' 'Thou toldest me that before, but I understood thee not.' 'I will send my granddaughter, to thee, Omar. I have something to say to my workmen.' The old man called Zemira, and left Omar alone. *To be continued.*

ANECDOTE OF ADMIRAL

SIR G. RODNEY.

When Sir George was appointed Governor of Greenwich Hospital, very few of the pensioners were allowed great coats, and then only in consequence of a petition approved by the

weekly board, or an order from the Governor, who had authority to grant that indulgence. Sir George, the first winter of his governorship, had applications made as usual, but required no better pretensions, or greater eloquence than an old sailor and a cold day, to grant an order. The consequence of this was, that great coats became so general, and the demand increased so much, that the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Byos, took upon him to represent the Governor's conduct as extremely reprehensible at the next board. Sir George, who was present, got up, and after expressing his surprize at the Lieutenant Governor's conduct, very calmly said to him—"I have the greatest respect for you as a man who, by the greatest merit, has raised yourself from the station of a foremast-man to the rank of an Admiral, a circumstance which not only does you the highest honour, but would have led me to have expected you as an advocate instead of an opposer to such a necessary indulgence; many of the men at the door have been your ship-mates, and once your companions. Never hurt a brother sailor; and let me warn you against two things more: the first is, in future not to interfere between me and my duty as Governor; and the second is, not to object to the poor men's having great coats, whilst you are so fond of one as to wear it by the side of so good a fire as you are sitting near at present. There are very few young sailors that come to London without paying Greenwich Hospital a visit, and it shall be the rule of my conduct, as far as my authority extends, to render the old men's lives so comfortable, that the young tar shall say when he goes away—"Who would not be a sailor to live as happy as a prince in one's old age?"—And Sir George kept his word, for from that time every man is allowed a great coat.

MISCELLANY.

THE POWER OF MAGIC.

A certain Dean of the cathedral of Compostella, had kept ruminating for a long time, which art or science he should apply himself to. Riches, consideration, and superfluities suited him very well; labour and trouble consequently he objected to the more: at last he fixed upon studying magic. He thought that after surmounting

previous difficulties himself, the sprites would labour in his stead. He secretly inquired where a skilful sorcerer was to be found, and was informed that one Don Rodriguez, of Toledo, was the most expert in the universe. Provided with letters of recommendation, the prebendary mounted his mule, proceeded to Toledo, went in search of Don Rodriguez, and having found him out, requested he would receive him as a pupil.

The Dean had expected to see a man with a magical girdle round his waist, an enchanted wand in his hand, a tremendous look, and a beard a yard long; whereas he only met with a respectable-looking and affable old gentleman, of the same make and appearance as all other descendants of Adam. When he had stammered out his petition, Don Rodriguez replied to him, with great composure—"Be welcome, my son and pupil. The art in which you desire to be made proficient is, undoubtedly, the first of all; but it requires from such as wish to succeed in its pursuit to be possessed of a pure heart. Is yours so?"—"I hope it is."—"I must take your word. The faculties of nature obey the sprites, but one Being alone can read within the human heart. But tell me, will you be duly grateful, if I will give you lessons of wisdom?"—"Yea, were you to command my life."—"I do not carry my pretensions so far, but hark: you are now Dean of an ancient cathedral; you most certainly are ambitious of promotion: if your wishes were gratified would you then remember your tutor?"—"If you were in earnest, you would seem to mistake me for the vilest of mortals. From this moment, whatever I am possessed of, or may acquire, is yours."—"To this the Dean added many other protestations, well calculated to convince the old man, who rose to call up his cook.

"Marcellina," said he to her, "get a couple of partridges ready to be roasted; but wait before you put them to the fire, till I formally bid you, and you, my dear son, follow me."

At these words he conducted the Dean into a room that was full of books and various instruments, and forthwith began giving him instructions. They had not been long at it before two individuals made their appearance, with a message to the Dean. They had also brought him a letter from his uncle, the Bishop, who was very ill, and begged of him to return

immediately if he wished to receive his last blessing. However, the nephew, who was more vexed at his instruction being interrupted than grieved at the illness of his uncle, thought he could do without the proffered blessing, pleaded as an excuse that he was detained on account of business of importance, and with that answer dismissed the two messengers. Four days after they returned with the intelligence that he must go back in full speed, as his uncle being dead the Chapter had nominated him successor to the deceased.

Rodriguez being informed of this piece of news, begged his pupil to appoint one of his sons to the now vacant deanery.—The new Bishop apologized for not granting the request, as he had his own brother to provide for. "But," said he, "come to Compostella with your son, and when the first favourable opportunity occurs, I shall appoint him to some lucrative situation."

The old man agreed to the proposal, and they set out on their journey; but they had scarcely arrived at Compostella, when a courier brought bulls from his Holiness the Pope. The new Bishop imagined they contained the confirmation of his dignity; of course he was not a little surprised when he read that his Holiness, on account of his personal merit, advanced him to the Archbishopric of Toledo, leaving him at liberty to dispose of the see he left vacant in favour of whomsoever he should think proper. He was at a loss to comprehend what was meant by his personal merit; yet to decline the appointment on account of his incapacity to unravel such a mystery, would have been a gross act of disobedience; he, therefore, accepted it. Don Rodriguez now humbly besought his Lordship would be pleased to appoint his son to the Bishopric of Compostella.

The pupil confessed he had promised to do something for the man, but urged that as he lay under great obligations to a paternal uncle of his, he was compelled to give him the preference. "Come with me," continued he, "I shall not want opportunities at Toledo of discharging my debt with interest."

The good old man once more suffered himself to be persuaded. They departed for Toledo, where Don Rodriguez attended with scrupulous assiduity to the improvement, in his art, of the Archbishop, who made sur-

prising progress, and captivated every one's affection and respect.—Two years after, a new deputation, from Rome, brought our hero a Cardinal's hat and diploma.

Don Rodriguez, upon this occasion, spoke more pressingly than he had done before; he set forth his long expectations, the services he had rendered during the interval, and the solemn promise that had been made him. His Eminency seemed very much embarrassed; acknowledged that it was all very true; that, nevertheless, he had one maternal uncle left, whose repeated solicitations he had it not in his power to resist; and besides, he was liable to incur universal blame if he should neglect his own relatives. 'However,' added he, 'if you will accompany me to Rome, I shall be more able there to manifest my gratitude.' The new Cardinal soon acquired at Rome general affection and applause: the Pope would do nothing without consulting him; but that same potentate was taken ill within a short time, and died.

The conclave was opened; the art of Don Rodriguez was productive of the best effects; and in consequence of an unprecedented unanimity, the former Dean of the cathedral of Compostella was placed in the pontifical chair. Subsequent to the tiara being put on his head, pursuant to the accustomed ceremony, Don Rodriguez renewed the application he had already made three times, and by the shaking of the head of the new Pope, as he began his address, he foresaw a similar answer to his present request.

The old man, who generally was very cool and patient, now flew in a rage: he protested to his Holiness that he was tired of making eternal supplications; that he was no longer willing to be duped by his promises; that he well knew what he deserved; and that the holy father must either grant him what he had promised at Toledo, or give him a blunt refusal.

At this trait of audacity, the Pope rose with fury. 'I, too, know what thou hast deserved, infamous sorcerer,' said he; 'it is to be burnt alive. Withdraw from before my eyes: I have borne your quackery with sufficient condescension. If you do not quit Rome this very day, to-morrow I protest I shall give you up to the holy inquisition. They know how to deal with heretics and magicians.'

Don Rodriguez, upon hearing this language, peaceably turned round. 'Cook,' cried he, 'you need roast only one of the partridges, for I shall sup alone this evening:' and at the same instant all the magic disappeared. The holy father once more returned to his former situation of Dean of the cathedral of Compostella: he became sensible that the whole series of years, dignities, and events, was no more than an illusion to try him: he was turned into ridicule, and found out to be void of gratitude by an individual far too wise to bestow on him any instructions.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Editor.—I am one of that sort of people who are perpetually striving after fame in some shape or other, but who by a singular fatality, which I may add belongs only to us are perpetually throwing obstacles in the way of its accomplishment. I was originally a sign painter, and could handle a brush with as much dexterity as any lad in my profession. No one neither could "pick out" a spoke, or a fellow upon a chaise wheel, in greater style than myself; and as for what is called ornamental painting in all its various branches, I challenge a competitor. But even this, wonderful as it is, does not make up one half the sum of my accomplishments. I can paint a portrait, take views from nature, and write a play, in regular yet astonishing succession. But after all, of what benefit to me are such acquisitions, since they are perpetually jostling each other, and since I realize scarcely enough from them combined, to find me in salt.

In truth I begin to discover that he who would expect to live upon his wits alone is in danger of starvation; and that there is something justly to be feared from having too many irons in the fire at the same time. Of what use is it let me ask, that I can write a play in three or four evenings, provided my productions are suffered to remain in the hands of managers as many months or years, who are incapable of appreciating their beauties, and who never permit them to be represented on the stage? Is there any merit, or profit either, in publishing "rejected addresses?" Of what importance is it that the authorship of the new comedy of "Reformation" should be ascribed to me, when

I have no claim to that title, and if I had should probably derive no profit from the circumstance? Since then Mr. Editor, I find my present avocations to be a source neither of honour nor emolument from the very multiplicity of their nature, is it not time I should resolve upon some reformation indeed? Do you not think that I had better learn the true uses of my native tongue, before I attempt to enlighten the world, and is there not some hazard that in setting myself up for a wit, I should be deservedly knock'd down by a man of sense? Had I not better leave off daubing for the stage, and attend to the daubing of signs altogether? Had I not in truth better abandon the goose quill for the paint brush, and stick to my trade rather than to the skirts of a manager who is striving to be rid of me?

These are thoughts which I have just revolved in my own mind; and nothing prevents their being immediately carried into effect but a "longing, lingering" desire before I quit the scene to behold one of my productions rewarded by an able representation on our boards. I cannot easily foresee what would be the consequence of such an event, but I very believe it would have an electrical effect upon me. Ten chances to one, I should rise and join in the general applause if it were so, and Heaven only knows how shagrin'd and chop fallen I should appear if any were to hiss my literary effusions. I believe therefore on the whole, that the best policy will prompt me to wait a few weeks longer and let the result gradually unfold itself; in which case my destiny is before me in spectral imagery, pointing on the one hand to the immortality of a Shakespeare, and on the other to that of a Stewart, or a West.

Yours,
CALEB QUOTEM, jr.

LOVES LAST SHIFT.

A few days since a wag was confined in the debtors' prison New York, for seduction. Put to his trumps for bail, he had recourse to stratagem. Having obtained an interview with the plaintiff, a compromise by marriage was mutually agreed: when the chaplain was sent for, and the ceremony performed about 7 o'clock in the evening in the presence of the whole house. The groom went for necessaries usual on such occasions; but to the mortification of the bride, he forgot to return, and she took leave about 10 o'clock sadly lamenting her credulity.

REVIEW.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

THE BUCK-TAIL BARDS.

BY DR. BUSBY.

This is a poetical work emanating from the pen of some one of the New-York wits who appears disposed to satirize the ruling Clintonian party. It is written partly in the manner of Swift; and levels its aim at every thing which in a political, or scientific relation, the author conceives obnoxious to ridicule. Even the sage and erudite Dr. Mitchell, he who was so distinguished in determining whether "a whale was a fish" during a late trial in that city, seems not to have escaped the caustic acumen of the poet; and as if the latter was disposed to make mirth of philosophy, merely because it was allied to political distinctions of an opposite character from his own, His Excellency Dewitt Clinton, has not escaped calumny in the production before us. Many other gentlemen too of eminence in the literary world, who hover about the first commercial city in the Union, are here set up as a mark for the squibs of disappointed partizans, themselves the legitimate sovereigns no doubt of Tammany Hall. There are several poems in the present work, the principal of which is entitled "The State Triumvirate," and the remainder are denominated the "Epistles of Brevet Major Pindar Puff." Although they abound with local allusions for the most part uninteresting to our readers, a rich vein of satire runs through them all, not unmixed with no ordinary indications of poetical genius; which are besides accompanied by very humorous prosaic annotations. Whether the irony of councillor Sampson, ever found its way in effusions of this kind, is a circumstance with which we are utterly unacquainted; but if such be the fact however, we should have no hesitation in ascribing to them one who whatever may be his political opinions, must rank among the most eminent satirists of the day.

To the first of these poems there is an introduction of about thirty pages, a considerable portion of which is employed in transcribing encomiums on the work professedly from English and American authors. The following purports to be an imitation of the manner of Jeffrey, and thus commenceth:

"This is an extremely clever and amusing poem—a little wicked, perhaps—not at all

sentimental—certainly not of the Lake school—but full of power, and gaiety, vigour, and wit. It is exactly like nothing we have had before—and even if we did not know its transatlantic origin, it would be quite clear that it comes neither from Scott, nor Campbell, nor Byron. The nearest approach that our poetry has hitherto made to this kind of composition is in the lighter pieces of Prior. Yet Dick Shift is not absolutely of his school—but somewhere half way between it and the sterner and coarser invective of Swift. Its lively tone of raillery—its vivid and picturesque narrative, often broken up into animated dialogues, sometimes interrupted by easy chattering, and then again flowing on in vigorous and polished verse—remind us forcibly of Prior. Its bold sarcasm—its hardy coarseness—its pungent irony, are of Swift's taste. Its general characteristics are great force and boldness—intense earnestness of indignation, mixed with little flying traits of ludicrous description, and a very philosophical and republican contempt for those great men, who like, &c. &c."

Mr. Jeffery then rambleth into a disquisition on the causes why kings and prime ministers, who do not happen to be of the Fox party, are always blackguards; after which he giveth a history of the English satirical poetry, toucheth on the characters of Dr. Donne, Butler, Dryden, De Foe, Swift, Pope, Churchill, Cowper, &c. &c. Finally, the critic maketh a copious analysis of Dick Shift, detecteth six *Americanisms*, which, though they have Shakespeare's authority for their use, are not received in good society at Edinburgh; and concludeth a review of twenty-two pages in this wise.

"Thus we think it quite evident, that in spite of the narrow restraints of our commercial policy, poetry, the finest of all manufactures, is now likely to be produced on the other side the Atlantic, both of a better quality and at a cheaper rate than it can be made in our own island—and Coleridge, Wordsworth, and the loyal and consistent author of Wat Tyler, are in danger of being undersold in their own home market."

But, gentle and patriotic reader, this praise is faint indeed, compared with the splendid panegyric of the eloquent Phillips, the Demosthenes of Ireland, and the chosen model of so many of our American youth. In his address to the electors of Trimdrumadree, Mr. Phillips quoteth a passage from Dick Shift, and laudeth the poet in these words:

"Oh divine, oh delicious sally of satire! Corruption had erected her court on the heights of the Hudson, in the avenues of Albany, in the lobby of the legislature—in face a fury, in deed a demon, her influence was infernal, and her power was paramount. She seemed about to rear on the ruins of the republic, and the nothingness of the nation, a pyramid of pride, beneath whose shade magnanimity might moulder, and wisdom would wither away. She assailed the virtuous with the venom of venal turpitude; she allured the wisdom of the wicked by the wiles of wealth. Her throne was the lobby—the ermine was her cloak—banks were her playthings—bribes were her sugar-plums. Oft did she draw the dagger of detraction, and oft did she unweave the life-blood of confiding conscience and paralyzed patriotism. Oh, what an hour was that for the gigantic energies of genuine genius! The great *Unknown*, the mysterious and

mighty author of *Dick Shift*, then walked forth in the cloud, and the mist, and the majesty of concealment—armed with the pride, and the power, and the punishment of purest patriotism. Corruption fled from his face, and fell cowering, and crushed, and crumbling on the altars of her own Mammon-like idolatry. The high flame of poetry, like a beacon blaze on a rock, warned the world to beware. Who first fanned that flame? Who flashed the torch of truth into the dark, dreary, and desolate den of Detraction? The matchless author of *Dick Shift*! Sublime songster! superlative satirist! Thy fame is for ever—thy satire is a scourge, thy mirth is merit, and thy rhyme is reason. When hereafter the green grass shall grow on thy grave, many an eagle eye shall embalm thy memory with its dew—many a merry maid shall mourn—many a lovely lip shall lip—many a cherub child shall chaunt—many a sacred song shall sound—many a holy hand shall hold thy, &c. &c."—*Counsellor O'Regan's edition of Phillips's Political Speeches*, p. 94.

In the course of the before mentioned poem, the bard takes occasion severely to satirize a distinguished Clintonian by the name of Pell, of whom he says,

Poor youth! sore vex'd of late by vermin,
Vile puny foes to sense and learning,
That whether rats, or bugs, or flies,
Crawl o'er him, when they chrysalize!
And yet, though pester'd thus, in sooth
A simple, harmless, modest youth.

F.—And useful?

A.—Hum—to fetch and carry.

F.—A servant?

A.—No; a secretary:

Nay, more, though most who see forget,
(Don't laugh,) a colonel—by brevet.

But in his annotation to this passage he is even more severe upon the gentleman referred to; and by the introduction of a fictitious letter from Dr. Mitchell on the subject, we are presented with a picture of inimitable humour.

The following passage from Mr. Pell's late work is necessary to explain the allusions in the text.

"For some time past it has been the author's lot, in common, &c. to be pestered by a brood of vermin, which, under the benignant influence of public prosperity, have recently chrysalized from torpid into active nothingness," &c. If he has inadvertently yielded to the irritation which the presence of such puny corruption crawling over him, &c.

A friend of mine was so affected by this lamentable representation of Mr. Pell's situation, that he felt it his duty to address a letter on the subject to Dr. Mitchell. I feel a great satisfaction in being permitted to lay before the public the following extract from the Doctor's reply.

"Sir," (several pages of valuable and curious learning, relating to some hitherto non-descript species of fishes—a second discovery of the bones of a mammoth in Orange County—the fossil remains found under marl in New-

Jersey—a full explanation of babyism—a dissertation on Rachel Baker's case—some remarks on the Doctor's edition of a late work of Cuvier—and a few extracts from the piscatory eclogues, are omitted, as not bearing immediately on the subject.) "But to answer the inquiries of your letter, under what disease do I suppose our friend Col. Pell to be labouring; what remedy or remedies would I recommend or advise? The situation of our friend, from his own representation, is certainly very singular and distressing; and yet so vague and inaccurate are the terms in which he has described his case, that I feel myself much embarrassed in giving the advice which you request. What is the species of vermin by which he is "pestered?" in what manner do they make their attack? and against what part or parts are those attacks directed? These are questions, the solution of which is a desideratum which, from mere conjecture, it would not be prudent to supply. Vermin (derived from the Latin *vermis*, but much more extensive in its meaning) is *nomen generalissimum*. In its usual acceptation it is confined to small, noxious, animals, such as weasels, pole-cats, rats, &c. though I will not assert that it may not with propriety be extended to troublesome insects or bugs, such as fleas, &c. If the former kind of vermin be intended, what am I to understand by their chrysalization? I confess that I have never yet learned that the rat, for example, undergoes a transformation by this process; yet so inexhaustible are the wonders of nature, that should any one affirm that in southern Africa, in Ternate and Madagascar, the native rat of the country burts forth from a monstrous Aurelia, transformed and expanded into that formidable and dangerous bird or beast. (a point not yet settled,) the *Vespertilio* Madagascarensis, or *Vampyres*, vulgarly called the Madagascar bat, I should not venture to contradict the assertion. I observe that the sagacious Mr. Noah (whom I love to honour, for he is a man whom I would not willingly offend) supposes the vermin of whose attacks our friend the Colonel, (whether by brevet or not, is not material) so pathetically complains, to belong to the genus *Pediculosum*, (of which there are various species, affecting different parts of the human frame, the enumeration of which, as I study brevity, I omit.) On this supposition, Mr. Noah benevolently recommended the use of the pecten cornuifactor dentibus parvulus, in our vernacular idiom, a fine tooth comb. In support of the efficacy of this remedy, the experience of ages may with safety be alleged. Should its steady and vigorous application, (the iteration of the process of depectination should be at least diurnal,) contrary to expectation fail of success; I would then *unhesitatingly* recommend an entire *crinium comarumque abrasio*, a shaving of the head, and a plentiful superimposition of unguent mercurial in the parts affected; the cerebrum should be protected by some warm integument, (a full made wig, or woollen nightcap,) and for some days all exposure, whether pluvial or simply frigorific, should be sedulously avoided. I cannot conclude this letter without giving you a particular and minute description of the *Lateres Babylonicæ*, &c. &c. &c.

Having already occupied so much space in the prosaic part of this production, it is but fair that we should

present some further specimen of its poetical merit. The subjoined article however, which purports to be an "extract from the fourth canto of Don Juan," must suffice for the present indulgence of our readers.

I want another here—I'm overdos'd

With warriors, critics, emperors, and sages—

I hate reviewers, all—(our country's boast,)

And think not one of them is worth his wages.

Where shall I seek? I can't among our host

Of raving writers, choose when Sirius rages—

No, not on this side of the sea—I'll take my brother,

The noble Puff—he lives upon the other.

I hate the world—the world, and all that's in it;

The boasted beauties of this globe divine!

I cannot love! not even for a minute—

Then say no more. Behold, I here entwine

A wreath for him who never wish'd to sin it,

With pretty Donnas; but he sought to shine

A star of Clinton—that immortal ruler—

He's their next Governor,—I'll bet a cooler.

In learning, Puff, (I think so,) is no smatt'rer,

Some Hebrew has, much Greek, some Dutch, more Latin,*

To which I add, he is a famous datt'rer

And much excels, in slipping praises pat in.

This Clinton loves—he hateth a spare spat'rer,

Large is the word with him, yet smooth as satin,

And Puff does plaster, without care or rule—

In this, you'll say, he shows himself, no fool.

When Clinton governs, Puff, with ready zeal,

Calls him the Atlas that the state sustains,

A second Burleigh for the public weal;

And then he lugs in Spencer, Pell, and Haines;

When Clinton writes—why Puff must earn his meal,

(In those free states men live not, without pains,)

So forth he fares to borrow, beg or plunder,

And brings a load, a horse would stagger under.

There is a drink, the Yankees call it switchbill,

A drink diviner than the antique nectar;

This Puff adores, and puffing Dr. Mitchell,

* Lord Byron (to whom this poem is generally ascribed) seemeth to confound the witty Puff with the learned Busby. Puff hath some Latin, but neither Dutch, nor Hebrew.

Drinks largely of it, bragging like a Hector
That it gives wisdom, and can banish each ill
That life molests—of cheats a great de-
tector—

Would I had drunk it, I had stuck to Harold,
And ne'er of wife, or child, (a booby,) car-
rol'd.

I not had then complain'd of hope delay'd,
Nor sung the tortures of a bursting heart—
But stop—where was I?—Puff ador'd a maid
That Clinton lik'd not—therefore they must
part!

Much did he love—yet was he half afraid
Of that stern eye—but still the fatal dart
Stuck in his liver—than he swore to try a
Jaunt matrimonial with fair Buck-thalia.

Marriage! I hate it as I do salt-petre!

O Puff, why didst thou ever venture
In that dread state? The other way is
sweeter:

A wife! to punish thee, the Devil sent her.
A mistress, as I said before, is neater;
For, if it's done—she'll never yield th' in-
denture.

Not she, if faith—she'll call thee dear, and honey
Then break your heart, nay, throw away your
money.

Puff fear'd it not: he lov'd, and therefore
married:

Now this extremely vex'd his former patron!
He fairly curs'd him! wish'd him horn'd and
harried!

Adding hard names, as Cacus, Egypt's
matron:

Puff cared not—very high his head he carried,
Calling his wife Lucretia, Portia, Matron.
This Portia cut her leg, some say her arm,
Which op'rated on her husband like a charm.

I stood by Conrad's; and a fume nidorous
Forth issu'd from the hall of Tamm'ny
fam'd;

My ears distinguish'd eloquence sonorous;
I ask'd the cause—Puff feeds—his soul un-
tam'd

Delights in feasting, wassail, wine, and chorus,
While lights resplendent thro' the windows
flam'd

Songs too were sung, some good, and some
prosaic,

All different, like fine pictures in Mosaic.

MORALITY.

He is the best moralist who practi-
ces what he professes. A dull head
indeed may *descant* upon this virtue,
but it requires a wise one to tread in
the path which he would point out to
others.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Editor,—Being a representative of the General Court, and wishing to ascertain during my stay in Boston, the nature of its public amusements, I was induced a few evenings since to visit the Theatre. The truth is, I belong to the District of Maine, and was apprehensive that unless I availed myself of the present occasion, I should be *set off* with the rest of the commonwealth, and remain forever deprived of such an opportunity. There existed one obstacle however in the beginning to my desire, and it was this: viz. the scantiness of my official compensation. With an allowance of two dollars per day, I found that I could but just “rub and go,” as the saying is, and my object always has been by preserving a rigid economy, to lay up a round sum at the end of the year. Homely fare is what I have invariably been accustomed to, and as the man in the play said, whom I think they called Barnes, I should be well content to dine upon a “pigs foot and a carrot,” although I beg leave to differ with him in the remark that there was “no choice” between them.

Notwithstanding these circumstances, I was for once resolved on visiting the temple of Apollo, and accordingly I proceeded for that purpose to the Box Office, where I was informed that tickets of admission would be disposed of at various rates. This led me to enquire them severally, and from a friend who happened to accompany me, I learned the internal situation of the house. It appeared that the Gallery, was the resort of the parti-coloured race of Africans, the descendants of Africans, and the vindicators of the abolition of the slave trade; that the tier of boxes below it, in the centre, was occupied by single gentlewomen who had lodgings to let; and who were equally famous for their delicacy, and taciturn disposition. The remainder of the boxes, I was given to understand were visited by none but dandies, and people of the first respectability and fashion; while the pit presented a mixed multitude of the lower orders of all sorts, sizes, ages, and deportment. Having ascertained the relative prices of admission to these seats, I thrust my hands into my pockets, and found that after settling the account of my bed and board with the landlady, I was possessed of but one half dollar; a sum just sufficient for going into the pit, a place which for cheap-

ness and society, was the one where above all the rest, I desired to mingle.

The evenings entertainment as it appeared from the bills, was the play of “Town and Country,” with the farce of the “Mogul Tale;” being for the benefit of a Mr. Barnes, a favourite performer, who from the receipts had good reason to call it “comfortable.” There was nothing extraordinary in the first part, except the ludicrous exertions of a rustic by the name of “Reuben Glenroy” in making love. This poor fellows form was characteristic of extreme hardihood, and he accomplished one or two very generous acts; yet he seemed to be a great booby in making so much noise about the elopement of a female upon whom he had no claims but those of compassion. Several times he burst into a broad horse laugh in order to make those about him think he was crazy; although they might easily have supposed that either his ideas or those of the author were in this respect past all cure.

It was wonderful however at the close of this performance to behold how sudden a revolution was accomplished in the feelings of Mr. Reuben, on finding that his sweetheart Miss Rosalie Somers, was faithful to her vows. Like Bonaparte in the island of Elba, he instantly became an “altered man;” and I could not but be surprized at the sagacity of him who had so successfully separated a couple of fools, for the purpose in some lucky moment of bringing them together.

During the farce, my ears were assailed with salutations from the third tier of boxes, of no very agreeable sound. It was the signal for some voices where I was to bawl out “throw her over;” an injunction which I assure you I was extremely rejoiced no one seemed disposed to fulfil, as it might have been the means of cracking my own pericranium. I am informed however that these noises are nightly continued to the annoyance of every respectable person in the Theatre, and particularly to females. Is there no redress? Or is the public amusement to be disturbed merely for the indulgence of a night brawler? As a member of the legislature of this Commonwealth, I would recommend that a sufficient physical force be stationed at the fountain head of the disease, to secure for punishment every one who thus

tramples upon the laws of good order and of society; and in so doing, I believe I express the opinions of the people of this enlightened metropolis.

B. K.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

We copy the article below from the Connecticut Times not because we in any measure coincide in the opinions of the writer, but in order to show the *modesty* of its language. It would appear from this that the age of *blue laws* and *intolerable* acts is not yet done away “in these regions;” but that the very pious state of Connecticut is about to revive an example of their influence worthy all imitation. She, or her satellites appear to glory in the cause in which they have embarked; they openly declare and the circumstance is really ludicrous, that a *statute* exists, aye, a *statute* for the suppression of that sort of entertainment which every where else we believe in a civilized community is deemed rational and enlightening; which every where else is deservedly upheld. The article in question, was evidently dictated by the gentlemanly attorney who presumed to carry the “statute” in force; but who mortified at his discomfiture, is now labouring under a fit of the *blue devils*, instead of the *blue laws*; which can only be vented in efforts to mar a happiness that he himself is incapable of enjoying. We advise him however to be very cautious in what *manner* he gives utterance to his emotions; we advise him from motives of *friendship*, to beware the fate of one of those leeches called Tythingmen, who in attempting to obstruct the progress of a traveller on the Lord's day in the same state was assailed with some weightier and more convincing arguments of its impolicy, than even a *cow-skin* would be competent to enforce; we mean a *horse-whip*, in the hands of an honest man.

“The editors of some of the New-York papers have most generously undertaken to inform the public of

the decided disapprobation with which the course taken with regard to Mr. Bartley, has been viewed by the citizens of Hartford.

As it regards the prosecution, the dictates of propriety will suggest to every one, that as it is soon to come before a court of justice, nothing should have been said upon it! but that that course will be taken which the law itself points out, and which will not be in violation of the proper rights of individuals. Yet as there has already been so much not only said but printed upon the subject and that too maliciously reprobating the law officer of the county; no apology ought to be required, or ever thought necessary for saying a few words by way of explanation.

It has been represented that the act is obsolete; and even if it were not, that a process has been commenced upon a doubtful violation of it, and that too in an "uncivil" manner. Whoever will take the trouble to turn to the statute, will see that it was enacted so late as A. D. 1800, and is plain and explicit. And when the objects of its enactment, as mentioned in the preamble, are taken into consideration, no rational man can doubt but that it was grossly violated. As to the policy or propriety of the law, it is out of the question: so long as it is in existence, it is the duty of the person with whom its execution is entrusted, to act faithful to his oath. But it was not executed until all proper measures were taken to notify Mr. Bartley that duty would render its execution necessary. Nor is it true that Mr. B. knew nothing of the prosecution. Countenanced by the noisy swaggering of some self-styled gentleman who pretended to be his friends, he presumed to sit at defiance the laws of the state, and was enabled by flight to escape due and merited punishment. And it is equally untrue that the course pursued with regard to him has been "universally disapproved," though publicly so asserted; on the contrary many of the most discreet and respectable of our citizens urged and approved it. The writer of these remarks, is fully persuaded that the low attempts at scandal are wholly unheeded by the public officer—meanly assailed, he solicits no forbearance, and offers no apologies to those who are known to entertain no good opinion of the laws. To the public and to the constituted authorities he

feels responsible for the faithful execution of his trust.

As it respects the editor of the Evening Post, it is not the first time he has been guilty of an officious intermeddling with the affairs of this state. Our courts as well as individuals have of late received that notice from him, which is worthy of his character. A weak credulity has rendered him contemptible in the eyes of many, and in this last attempt at slander and misrepresentation, he has only pursued his accustomed vocation. The chastisement of the cow-skin seldom reforms a hardened villain—and it is not often that we meet with a more appropriate illustration of this remark than in the editor of the Post;—for "though brayed in a mortar the fool will persist in his folly."

A CITIZEN OF HARTFORD.

The old Bachelor, in reply to Miss Dorothy Drylips requires us to state, that he received the insinuating proposals of that lady for marriage, with inexpressible transport; and that he has ever since been on the tiptoe of joy and expectation. Like the far famed Timour the Tartar, he was completely subdued by the charms of his Georgian princess, if he may be allowed the comparison, and until he beheld her fascinations and accomplishments, as set forth in her epistle, never did he know what beauty was. In consequence of this unexpected turn in his affairs, he therefore proposes to offer for sale his whole domestic establishment; which if not taken by the 26th instant, will be disposed of by public auction. To wit,

One Tabby Cat,—Large—huge feeder,—and the representative of a numerous progeny. Warranted to smell a rat gunshot distance.

—Also,—

One Pair Cow hide Boots,—a little the worse for wear.

One Large Flopped Hat and Wig, which have been used by all my ancestors and would be valuable relics for the antiquarian society.

Also,—A Pair of Breeches, partly worn on the outside, but may be turned with equal profit; having never "burst their cearments"

Finally,—His best Inside Coat in perfect order, together with whatever may be necessary for the composition of those essential articles candles, and soap, that attaches to the same; which is insured to be perfectly sound as it has already been worn by the owner fifteen years.

Terms. *Approx d. endorsed notes payable in six and nine months.*

SPARRING.

There is a very interesting controversy going on between a pair of spectacle makers in the Centinel; the one being a foreigner and, the other an American. From a perusal however of this discussion, it would puzzle a body extremely to see what they are aiming at; unless to make each look ineffably ridiculous, for the benefit of the printers.

We learn by a gentleman from New York that the managers of the theatre in that city have failed. The elegant mansion of Mr. Price has been disposed of at auction, for four thousand dollars less than the mortgage upon it, and which estate we believe originally cost him forty thousand dollars.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Some one calling himself a subscriber to the Port Folio, wishes to know if we have "received a piece signed 'Sicnarf,' and if so, whether it is deserving of 'silent contempt?'" In order that he may not misunderstand our meaning we answer,—that it is; and that we are already sick enough of the composition referred to, without being importuned by every sick calf who chooses to assail us with ridiculous inquiries. We have not the honour of recording the gentleman's name upon our list although he denominates himself "a subscriber;" neither are we aware of having received "a number of pieces of composition which have always met with success." We know him not either as a subscriber or a correspondent; and until he has learned to write correct English, and to behave with decorum we hope we never shall; for on the other hand we would advise him to

"Doff that lion's hide,
And hang a calf skin on those recreant limbs."

'J.Q. V.' who furnished us with an original story, is informed that it is unavoidably postponed to our next.

THEATRE.—On Monday Eve. Feb. 7, will be represented for the first time in Boston, the tragedy of FAZIO. To which will be added the farce of the CRITIC. Being the first night of the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. BARTLEY.

MARRIED.

In this town, Mr. John Raymond, to Miss Sally Leland. At the catholic church, by the Rev. Mr. Larrasy, Mr. John C. Peverly, to Miss Joanna Gray.

DIED.

In this town, Mr. John Bell, aged 87.
Mr. Abraham Holland, aged 77.
Mrs. Francis Tilden, wife of Thomas Tilden, aged 45.
Mr. Benj. Morgan, aged 57.
Mrs. Mary Bowden, formerly of Marblehead.
Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Peter Stephenson, aged 36.

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

FANNY.

"A fairy vision

Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live—
And play in the plighted clouds."

MILTON.

We know not why the author of this poem has adopted the name of "Fanny" for its heroine; nor indeed are we aware that it concerns any of the female sex more than the rest of the world. The history of the fair damsel is just touched upon in the commencement of the work, and we scarcely hear of her until the poet having unconsciously wandered from his main design, and sung in alternate strains the praises, or pretended absurdities, of Doctor Mitchell, Governor Clinton, Mr. Lang, and the Lord knows who, recollects himself, and winds up this satirical warfare with a few stanzas to the original subject of his muse. The other topics discussed in the production before us, are of infinite variety; and so far as it relates to them, they are managed with so admirable a degree of humour and skill, that we are almost disposed to forgive the abandonment of simple "Fanny," the mystery which to us, hangs over the poem with regard to the man of "Pearl street," for we wish to be acquainted with his name, and the unnecessary recurrence to the same topics and forms of expression, so apparent in the work. We have a mixture of many diverting things, but they are in reality, not unressembling the character of "Don Juan," provoking digressions. We admire the occasional flashes of genius, the brilliant corruscations of wit, but we object to the want of regular, systematic arrangement in the story, and the open disregard which is manifested to our reasonable expectations of the event. As the effusions of an American however they are entitled to our gratitude; as the inspirations of one who has always written well, although on the broad scale he has not written much, we hail them with emotions of unfeigned pleasure; and as ominous of what may be in the power of the same pen to accomplish in after years, we give them the welcome which genius will always claim, although prejudice abroad, and critical acrimony at home, may attempt to smother it.

We shall begin our extracts with a description of the male parent of "Fanny," in connection with whom the poet has some how or other lugged in Mr. Lang, the Solomon of the New-York Gazette.

Her father kept, some fifteen years ago,
A retail dry-good shop in Chatham-street,
And nurs'd his little earnings, sure though slow,

Till having mustered wherewithal to meet
The gaze of the great world, he breath'd the air
Of Pearl-street—and set up in Hanover-square.

Money is power, 'tis said—I never tried;
For I'm a poet—and bank-notes to me
Are curiosities, as closely eyed,
Whene'er I get them, as a stone would be,
Toss'd from the moon on Doctor Mitchell's table,
Or classic brick-bat from the tower of Babel.

But he I sing of well has known and felt
That money hath a power and a dominion;
For when in Chatham-street the good man dwelt,
No one would give a *sous* for his opinion.
And though his neighbours were extremely civil,
Yet, on the whole, they thought him—a poor devil.

A decent kind of person; one whose head
Was not of brains particularly full;
It was not known that he had ever said
Any thing worth repeating—'twas a dull,
Good, honest man—what Paulding's muse
would call
A "cabbage head,"—but he excelled them all—

In that most noble of the sciences,
The art of making money; and he found
The zeal for quizzing him grow less and less,
As he grew richer; till upon the ground
Of Pearl-street, treading proudly in the night
And majesty of wealth, a sudden light

Flash'd like the midnight lightning on the eyes
Of all who knew him; brilliant traits of mind,
And genius, clear and countless as the dies
Upon the peacock's plumage; taste refin'd,
Wisdom and wit, were his—perhaps much more.

'Twas strange they had not found it out before.
In this quick transformation it is true
That cash had no small share; but there
were still

Some other causes, which then gave a new
Impulse to head and heart, and join'd to fill
His brain with knowledge, for there first he met

The editor of the New-York Gazette,

The sapient Mr. L**g. The world of him
Knows much, yet not one half so much
as he

Knows of the world. Up to its very brim
The goblet of his mind is sparkling free
With lore and learning. Had proud Sheba's queen,
In all her bloom and beauty, but have seen

This modern Solomon, the Israelite,
Earth's monarch as he was, had never won her.

He would have hang'd himself for very spite,
And she, blest woman, might have had the honour

Of some neat "paragraphs"—worth all the lays
That Judah's minstrel warbled in her praise.

Her star arose too soon; but that which sway'd

Th' ascendant at our merchant's natal hour
Was bright with better destiny—its aid
Led him to pluck within the classic bower
Of bulletins, the blossoms of true knowledge;
And L**g supplied the loss of school and college.

For there he learn'd the news some minutes sooner

Than others could; and to distinguish well
The different signals; whether ship or schooner
Hoisted at Staten-Island, and to tell
The change of wind, and of his neighbour's fortunes,
And, best of all—he there learn'd self-importance.

Nor were these all the advantages derived
From change of scene; for near his domicile,
He of the pair of polish'd lamps then liv'd,
And in my hero's promenades, at will,
Could he behold them burning—and their flame
Kindled within his breast the love of fame,

And politics, and country; the pure glow
Of patriot ardour, and the consciousness
That talents such as his would well bestow
A lustre on the city; she would bless
His name; and that some service should be done her,
He pledged "life, fortune, and his sacred honour."